THE Minstrel Show.

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THE MINSTREL SHOW
OR
BURNT CORK COMICALITIES.

A COLLECTION OF COMIC SONGS, JOKES, STUMP SPEECHES, MONOLOGUES, INTERLUDES, AND AFTERPIECES FOR MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENTS.

Written and Compiled by Ed. Marble.

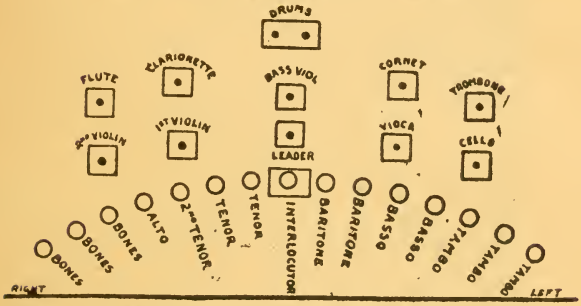

Diagram for Arranging the Stage for a Minstrel First Part:

INTRODUCTORY.

The object of "The Minstrel Show" (as it has been deemed consistent to name this little book) is chiefly to supply the amateur world with a variety of material from which to select a sufficiently miscellaneous number of songs, jokes, afterpieces, stump speeches, monologues, interterludes, etc., to form a pleasant evening's entertainment. While much of its contents are original, other sources have been largely borrowed from, and to the many comedians of universal reputation with whom I have had the honor of appearing during an experience of seven years as a "Wandering Minstrel," I am indebted for a goodly number of the most salient points of its composition. It should be an easy matter to the reader, should he or she be at all familiar with the modern minstrel stage, to recognize here and there the pungent wit and originalities of such famous burnt cork artists as George Thatcher, Lew Dockstader, Willis Sweatnam, Hughey Dougherty, Billy Rice, and others, who, by their individuality and humorous sayings, have rescued minstrelsy from a decline that otherwise would have overtaken that branch of the amusement profession ere now.

In preparing a home, parlor, or public entertainment, it would be well to rigidly follow, in every particular, the information herein given regarding costumes, make-up, and the form of procedure with rehearsals. If they are carried out to the letter there will be little difficulty, with the aid of material selected from the contents of this book, in presenting an agreeable evening of fun that will reflect credit upon those having the responsibility of the entertainment in their charge. It is my earnest desire that this book may find its way into the hands of the legion of young men who seek sociability, and are anxious, so to speak, to "hold their own" at the many little receptions, clubs or socials they are invited to attend. How often, on such occasions, does it occur that Charles Augustus is called upon to "speak his little piece," and obliged to excuse himself and acknowledge his inability to entertain, while the erstwhile rival for the affections of the lovely Miss Moneybags has but a moment before captured the gathering with a song or funny story, and the one dream of his young life is casting sheeps' eyes at the hero of the hour, while, almost neglected, he seeks seclusion in a remote corner of the parlor, mentally considering himself a "lobster."

To "Charles Augustus," and suffering humanity in general, "The Minstrel Show" is most modestly inscribed.

ED MARBLE.

HOW TO REHEARSE

It is necessary to impress upon those who are to "take part" the importance of punctuality. Nothing so disturbs a perfect rehearsal as tardiness. It produces an uneasiness and impatience that sadly interferes with progress.

Select some member to act as stage-manager, with whom must rest all power behind the curtain. It should be his duty to regulate the hours of rehearsals, to arrange for the proper "settings" of the stage, to make up the order of the programme, to settle any little misunderstanding that may arise as he may best consider to the general interest of the performance, and whose "will should be law" in every detail of matters considering the stage.

Take one hour each day or evening for the vocalists and balladists, who, with the musical conductor, should rehearse all solos and choruses in the order they are to be given, until sufficient headway has been made to call the orchestra into requisition, which should not be necessary until an evening or two before the date of the performance.

Allow an hour each evening for the overture and finale of first part, that the musical conductor may instruct the singers in the choruses, and the comedians in their performance on the bones and tambourines. Finishing, lastly, as with the balladists, with full orchestra.

Then devote the rest of the evening to the afterpiece and specialties, with an understanding that after the second rehearsal those taking part should be perfect in their lines. As the rehearsals proceed, should those acts which are rehearsed last show a lack of headway, owing to the late hour at which they are reached, as is often the case, it is then advisable for an evening or two to commence the rehearsals with them. But as you near the date of performance, it is advisable to take the entire programme in the order it is to be presented.

A dress rehearsal is most necessary to assure a perfect performance, and should occur the evening before the proposed entertainment, when every one taking part should dress for each character they are to assume, and make themselves up precisely as they intend to do at the regular performance, that any defects, if they exist, may be traced. The entire programme should be given from the ringing up to the going down of the curtain, with the same care in every detail they intend to display the following evening.

After the rehearsal, it is well to correct the faults immediately, while they are fresh in the minds of the actors, which should be the final instructions, allowing the day of the performance for rest.

ARRANGEMENT OF PROGRAMME.

First Part.

Overture ..... Orchestra
Opening Chorus ..... Entire Company
Conundrum ..... Bones
Conundrum ..... Tambo
Comic Song ..... Tenor
Ballad ..... Bones
Jokes ..... Tambo
Ballad ..... Baritone
Jokes ..... Tambo
Ballad ..... Basso
Song (comic) ..... Bones

Finale (or Interlude).

Second Part.

Quartette Singing.

Monologue by Comedian.

March, or Song and Dance.

Stump Speech.

Afterpiece.

Time for presentation ..... 2 -12 hours

MAKE UP.

There is no costume more becoming or fitting for minstrelsy than the modern dress suit. Spectacular costumes were short-lived in the profession, and the expense attending them for amateur performances, together with their inappropriateness, make them very undesirable for such occasions.

The quartette, or singers, should wear full evening dress suits, with white vests, black ties and standing collars, white gloves, and boutonniere (white roses) and black dress wigs.

The comedians (end men) may change the personnel of their make-up by removing the buttons from their dress coats and replacing them with a large flat brass button, wearing the ordinary double-breasted, low cut white vests, with small brass button, black trousers, extravagant white ties, comic black wigs, large pointed collars, large boutonniere of sunflowers or chrysanthemums.

The musicians, full dress suits, white ties, black vests, black wigs and boutonniere of one color, distinct from others.

In the matter of making up the face, use only the best prepared burnt cork, which can be obtained from any dealer in theatrical face preparations. Moisten the hands with water and take a small quantity of the cork, rubbing it in the palm of your hand until it becomes a thin paste, then apply to the skin; when it dries, brush the surface gently with some soft substance. In removing the cork, use only cold water, a large sponge, and a soap that gives a generous lather.

CONUNDRUMS FOR BONES.

Bones—What am de difference between a cat and a legal document?

Interlocutor—Well, sir, what is the difference between a cat and a legal document?

Bones—One has pauses at de end of its clauses, and de oder has clawses at de end of its pawses. Now, den, here's one. Why am one ob de botties in a cruet stand like a small colored boy?

Interlocutor—Why?

Bones—Because it's a little bit of-a-nigger—little bit of vinegar. See? Ya! Ya! Ya! Say, how much does a fool weigh?

Interlocutor—I don't know.

Bones—Why don't you get on de scales and find out?

Interlocutor—What do you mean, sir?

Bones—Oh, nuffin'. Here's an easy one. Why is a piano like an onion?

Interlocutor—Well, why?

Bones—Because it's smell odious (melodious). Once more. See if you can answer this. Why is kissing a pretty girl like passing a counterfeit half-a-dollar?

Interlocutor—Now, what has kissing a pretty girl to do with passing a counterfeit fifty-cent piece?

Bones—Why, that's the time he wants a better half.

CONUNDRUMS FOR TAMBO.

Tambo—Mr. Jimpson, why is a sheet of writing-paper like a lazy dog?

Interlocutor—I don't know, sir! Why is a sheet of writing-paper like a lazy dog?

Tambo—Because it's a slope up.

Interlocutor—Come, Tambo, that is rather obtuse.

Tambo—No, it isn't. I'll show you. A sheet of writing-paper has an ink line plain, hasn't it.

Interlocutor—Yes, it has.

Tambo—Well, ain't an incline plane a slope up? Don't you see? A slow pup is a lazy dog. There you are. I've got another for you. Why is Jewish bread like the Brooklyn Bridge?

Interlocutor—Why?

Tambo—Because it's made to pass over. Here's another. What makes a watermelon so full of water?

Interlocutor—I don't know.

Tambo—Because it's planted in the spring. I've got one more. Why do they call some kinds of diamonds paste?

Interlocutor—Why, pray?

Tambo—Because so many people get stuck on 'em. Here's another. Why is a pig looking out of a third-story window like the moon?

Interlocutor—Well, sir, why is a pig looking out a third-story window like the moon?

Tambo—Because he looks round.

Interlocutor—Wait a moment; I've got you. The moon doesn't always look round.

Tambo—Neither does the pig.

CAKES.

Interlocutor—What was the excitement on the corner today, when I saw you engrossed in animated conversation with some gentlemen?

Bones—Oh, a fellow got mad because I called him a cake.

Interlocutor—What reason did you have for calling him a cake?

Bones—No reason, only he is a cake. Everybody is a cake of some kind.
Interlocutor—Well, what kind of cakes are we?
Bones—We are black cakes.
Interlocutor—What kind of a cake would you call a rich man?
Bones—He's a pound cake.
Interlocutor—What kind of a cake is a lawyer?
Bones—He's a sponge cake.
Interlocutor—What would you call an old man?
Bones—He's a frosty cake.
Interlocutor—And a young man?
Bones—He's a spruce cake.
Interlocutor—What would you call an old bachelor?
Bones—He's a stale cake.
Interlocutor—What would you call a young lady?
Bones—A sweet cake.
Interlocutor—And an old maid?
Bones—She's a lemon cake, and mighty hard to squeeze.
Interlocutor—What is a farmer?
Bones—He's a hoe cake.
Interlocutor—A poor man?
Bones—A short cake.
Interlocutor—Well, what sort of a cake is your best girl?
Bones—She's an angel cake?
Interlocutor—A countryman?
Bones—He's a buckwheat cake.
Interlocutor—Now tell me what kind of a cake am I?
Bones—You're not a cake (touching his forehead); you're a dough-nut.

CHICKENS.

Interlocutor—Bones, How are you on mathematics?
Bones—I don't know Matthew Matticks. I know his brother Ben.
Interlocutor—No, no. How are you on figures?
Bones—I beg your puddin'. I didn't understand you. I'm pretty good on figures. Why?
Interlocutor—I want to ask you a question. Suppose there were sixteen chickens in a coop, and a man should come along and take out five. How many would there be left?
Bones—What time of day is this supposed to be?
Interlocutor—What time of day? Now, what has that got to do with it?
Bones—A good deal.
Interlocutor—Why?
Bones—'Cause if it was twelve o'clock at night, and nobody was about, and you should happen to be in the immediate vicinity, there wouldn't be any left.

OH! WHAT A DIFFERENCE—IN THE MORNING!

I'll sing of the curious sights we see
At night, at night;
They're awfully funny, I think you'll agree,
At night, at night.
There's Johnny, the waiter, who hasn't much cash,
He likes with his pals to appear very flash;
He calls for champagne, and he cuts a dash,
At night, at night.

Chorus.

But, oh! don't his head ache in the morning?
Then comes repentance with the dawning;
Though he's very, very dry, for a drink he'd vainly cry,
For his wife's been through his pockets in the morning.

Comic End Song, by Henry J. Sayers.

When a comic singer sings a comic song
He don't expect his audience to sob.
But if they laugh a bit he considers it a hit,
For he makes his bread and butter by the job.
But the case is very different tonight—
INSTRELS—GAL FOUR .. ..
This song is not for chappies, lords, or earls;
So I'll just inform you, then, this song is for the men.
But just to make it pleasant for the girls.

Chorus.

No more I'll wear my trousers creased,
Though creases I adore.
I'll give up smoking cigarettes—
What hero could do more?
I'll live on tutti-frutti,
My hair I'll wear in curls,
Just to make it pleasant for the girls.

II.

It strikes me that the men are all alike
In regards to the affection of the heart,
You can count on every one when there's kissing to be done,
And at hugging men are masters of the art.
In the parlor, when the lights are very low,
On his shoulder rests a bunch of golden curls.
Gas is bad for ladies' eyes, so turn it down he tries,
Just to make it pleasant for the girls.
No more I'll wear my trousers creased, etc.

III.

If your seated in an overcrowded car,
A fat woman is hanging to the strap.
For her weight you've great respect. Every moment you expect
That tone of flesh will fall into your lap.
All the time she's dancing jigs upon your feet,
While a horrid, wicked glance she at you hurls.
Then you offer her your seat, not because she hurts your feet,
But just to make it pleasant for your corns.
No more I'll wear my trousers creased, etc.

FAMILY RELATIONS.

Comedian—Oh, by the way, Mr. Jimpson, how's all your family?

Interlocutor—Very well, thanks; and yours?

Comedian—Never better.

Interlocutor—How is your father?

Comedian—He's well.

Interlocutor—Do you know, I haven't seen him in ten years; the last time I saw him he was running for Congress. What is he doing now?

Comedian—He's running yet. Why don't you come over and see us?

Interlocutor—I shall avail myself of your invitation the first opportunity that presents itself.

Comedian—Never mind the opportunity; drop in any time. Plenty of company there now. We've got all our relations from the country visiting us. Seventeen of them there now.

Interlocutor—Seventeen? Quite a house full.

Comedian—I should say so. It's a little crowded. We've only got three bedrooms; but got 'em distributed around. Uncle Zeke and his boys sleep in the stall with the gray mare; Cousin Zeb hangs out in the chicken coop, and I have to turn in with the oxen; they kick a little, but I've got used to it, and don't mind it now. That is, I wouldn't if the off ox didn't snore so much. Oh, everything is arranged very nicely; we make it very pleasant for them all.

Interlocutor—I should say it must be.

Comedian—Yes, indeed; after dinner of an evening, we have a wagon, you know—a carryall—well, we hitch the goat up to it.

Interlocutor—The goat?

Comedian—Yes, sir; the goat. Oh, he's a great goat; and after he's hitched up, all the relations get in the wagon, and that goat takes them all over the town.

Interlocutor—What? All seventeen?

Comedian—Yes, sir.

Interlocutor—He must be a very strong goat.

Comedian—Well, he was at first; but we've got used to him now, and we don't mind it.

Interlocutor—But, tell me, what appears to be the matter with you? You are not looking well this evening.

Comedian—Loss of rest, I guess.

Interlocutor—Oh, I see; your sleeping quarters.

Comedian—No; I was out last night playing poker.

Interlocutor—Did your wife know you was out.

Comedian—Yes; but I didn't tell her how much.

Interlocutor—By-the-way, I want to ask you a question. What makes your wife wear cotton gloves?

Comedian—Because she hasn't any kids.

TAMBO'S DREAM

Tambo—Say, Mr. Jimpson, do you ever dream?

Interlocutor—Why, of course; everybody dreams.

Tambo—I had a funny dream the other night; would you like to hear it?

Interlocutor—Yes, I should, very much.

Tambo—All right; I'll tell it to you. I dreamed that one night while walking through the "Long Lane" I met the "Senator," who told me if I looked as far down as I could I would see "The Shadows of a Great City." I then called on "Jed Prouty," who was at Mrs. Partington's house in "Tuxedo" with "Little Lord Fauntleroy" on his knee, telling him a "Winter's Tale." "Mrs. Partington" was whipping "Peck's Bad Boy" for laughing at "McCarthy's Mishaps," and was really making "Much Ado About Nothing." The "Dear Irish Boy" had taken "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to the "County Fair," and while there they met the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," who had taken "Young Mrs. Winthrop" to the "Great Metropolis." The "Widow Bedotte" accidentally pushed "Hamlet" down stairs, and was made a "Prisoner for Life." She tried to find refuge in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" without success. Next I went to the "Charity Ball" with "Elaine," but did not stay long because the "Wife" was very jealous. Then I went to visit "Aunt Jack" at the "Old Homestead," but was very much disappointed to hear she had gone with "Captain Letterblair" to pay her respects to the "Grand Duchess." I looked in the "City Directory" for "Adonis'" address in vain, so I called on "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," but found them out, and "The Sad Coquette" was weeping and wiping her eyes on the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief." There was an almost unbearable smell of "Natural Gas" about, and in my haste to get out of the house I knocked over "A Brass Monkey." I then paid my respects to the "Silver King," who was very busy discussing some business matters with the "Millionaire," and who was also talking about his daughter

"Hermione," for whom the "Drum Major" had a great "Fascination" I was so angry that I nearly became "Passion's Slave," and had it not been for "My Partner" I should have gone "Money Mad." Just at this moment "The Tin Soldier" was having an argument with the "Ironmaster," when the "Burglar" asked them if he should decide which should be "Master and Man." They merely said, "As You Like It." I had to go to the "Corner Grocery" for "My Aunt Bridget," and fell over the "Stepping Stone." Just then I met "The Kentucky Colonel," and we went to "Muldoon's Picnic." I tried hard to stop "McKenna's Flirtations," but the "Spider and the Fly" ran down her back, and I had to stop. I found the "Crystal Slipper" which belonged to "Antiope," and gave it to "Rip Van Winkle," who wished me to go with him to a seance, because he wanted to converse with "McFadden's Spirits." I met the "Tourists in a Pullman Car," and would have had a delightful ride through the "Streets of New York," but that the "Woman Hater" had a quarrel with "My Brother's Sister." But I had to put an end to it, and by the time I succeeded I was "A Legal Wreck." The "Idea" struck me to call on "That Girl From Mexico"; so when I reached the "Family Circle" I found she had gone to "Shenandoah," "A Temperance Town." The thought of nothing to drink awoke me, and I jumped out of bed to find it was only——

Interlocutor—Well, sir?

Tambo—"A Midsummer Night's Dream."

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

Tambo—Mr. Jimpson, I hear you are quite a traveler.

Interlocutor—Yes, sir; I have traveled all over the world. Have you ever been abroad?

Tambo—No broader than I am now.

Interlocutor—You don't understand me. Have you ever traveled?

Tambo—Oh, yes. Where did you go on your trip?

Interlocutor—Well, you see, we took one of the French steamers.

Tambo—Didn't anybody see you?

Interlocutor—Of course they did.

Tambo—It didn't belong to you—did it?

Interlocutor—Certainly not.

Tambo—Then, what right had you to take anything that didn't belong to you?

Interlocutor—Don't you understand? We sailed on a French steamer in a body.

Tambo—Was you embalmed?

Interlocutor—Can't you comprehend? We sailed on a steamer.

Tambo—You mean the steamer sailed. You didn't sail.

Interlocutor—Well, then, have it your own way. The steamer sailed, and we were on board——

Tambo—And lodging?

Interlocutor—If you insist in interrupting me I shall quit.

Tambo—Stay on board; don't get off the ship on my account.

Interlocutor—You asked me to tell you what countries I have visited. How am I going to do so if you keep this up?

Tambo—I ain't saying a word—am I?

Interlocutor—No, but you were. Well, as I was saying, the steamer sailed——

Tambo—You said that before.

Interlocutor—How am I going to proceed?

Tambo—By steamer, you said. I didn't suppose you was going abroad on a street car.

Interlocutor—Have you finished?

Tambo—Now, who's doing all the talking? Just go down in your stateroom in the steerage, and stay there. I never heard of such a long journey before you get out of sight of land in all my nautical experience. Why don't you go on? No one's talk but you. What's the matter? Have you struck a rock, or has the ship sprung a leak?

Interlocutor—Is that all? May I be permitted to go on?

Tambo—Oh, for goodness' sake! Will you ever get to sea?

Interlocutor—I am at sea—all at sea. You would drive anybody there. Well, we finally landed in France.

Tambo—Glory be to goodness, you've landed some place!

Interlocutor—Well, have you ever been in France?

Tambo—Um-um. Did you go to Par-ee?

Interlocutor—Paris? By all means.

Tambo—Did you visit the Boys de Bologny?

Interlocutor—Eh? Yes.

Tambo—And the Collins von Lome?

Interlocutor—Yes, we say about everything worth seeing in Paris and in France. Then, after France, where did we go?

Tambo—I hope you kept off that ship.

Interlocutor—Yes; after France we went to England. Have you ever been through England?

Tambo—No, but I've been through an Englishman.

Interlocutor—Have you ever been to Wales?

Tambo—No, but I've played baccarat.

Interlocutor—No, no. Baccarau, if you please.

Tambo—I say baccarat, if you please.

Interlocutor—Well, what is your authority?

Tambo—

Some people call it baccaraw,
And others baccarat.
If you was going back to your mother-in-law,
What would you back-her-at?

Interlocutor—After Wales, where did we go?

Tambo—I give it up.

Interlocutor—After Wales, we went to France, and then to Scotland. Have you ever been to Scotland?

Tambo—No; but I've drunk hot Scotches.

Interlocutor—We visited Edinburgh, Glasgow——

Tambo—I've seen the glass-go many a time.

Interlocutor—After Scotland, we went to France, and then to Germany.

MINSTRELS—GAL FIVT .. ..

Tamo—Oh, you went to Germany?

Interlocutor—Yes; then we went to France.

(Tambo eyes him suspiciously.)

Interlocutor—And then to Russia—St. Petersburg, in the height of the season. Stayed three days in dear old St. Petersburg—and then we went to France.

Tambo—Yes.

Interlocutor—And then Spain—to Madrid.

Tambo—Yes.

Interlocutor—Then where? Oh, yes· to France. Then we took a jaunt to Italy—To Milan, Geneva. Ah, Italy! The music and soft summer skies! Did you ever see an Italian sunset?

Tambo—(Looks at him). Yes; you must have had a nice time.

Interlocutor—We did have a very nice time.

Tambo—There's one place, though, you missed.

Interlocutor—Did I? What was it?

Tambo—France!

Interlocutor—There is one place I missed. I had almost forgotten our trip to Ireland.

Tambo—Did you go through Ireland?

Interlocutor—Oh, yes.

Tambo—Say, Mr. Jimpson, can you tell me who was the greatest benefactor Ireland ever had?

Interlocutor—Well, I don't know. I suppose we might say St. Patrick.

Tambo—No, sir.

Interlocutor—Well, then, who was the greatest benefactor Ireland ever had?

Tambo—Why, Christopher Columbus.

Interlocutor—No, sir, will you be good enough to tell me what Christopher Columbus ever did for Ireland?

Tambo—Why, he discovered America!

BONES' COMBINATION OF END JOKES.

Interlocutor—Bones, what are you doing for a living nowadays?

Bones—Oh, eating and drinking.

Interlocutor—No; you do not understand me. What is your pursuit?

Bones—The one I got on—that's all I got.

Interlocutor—The one? What?

Bones—Suit.

Interlocutor—No—no. What is your occupation?

Bones—Oh, why didn't you say so before? Why, haven't you heard? I 've been stumping the State.

Interlocutor—How did you make out?

Bones—Not very well. They smoke 'em too short. It's a funny world, isn't it, Mr. Jimpson?

Interlocutor—Very, indeed; but a very good one to live in.

Bones—Yes, it's the best I ever struck; but the people in it! Well——

Interlocutor—The people make it.

Bones—Yes; I'm with the people.

Interlocutor—And the money cuts a figure.

Bones—That's just what I was going to say—the money. It isn't divided right. Now, if I had my way, I would remedy all the money trouble we have in this country.

Interlocutor—Do you think so?

Bones—Yes, sir-ree? It isn't right for a few to control the millions and millions of dollars in the world.

Interlocutor—Well, what would you do about it if you had the power?

Bones—I'll tell you what I would do. I'd call in all the money in the whole world; then I would get the entire population about me, and I would divide it equally. I would say to each one: "Here's your share, and here's yours," till each one had an equal share. Then I'd say to them, "Now go out and spend it, and have a good time."

Interlocutor—That's all very nice. But what would they do after they had spent it all?

Bones—Why, I would call it all in and divide it over again. Everybody in this world ought to be like one family.

Interlocutor—Birds of a feather, so to speak?

Bones—Yes, sir. As the old proverb says, "Birds of a feather, flock together." But what a stupid proverb that is!

Interlocutor—How so?

Bones—Birds of a feather! As if a whole lot of birds only had one feather. Only one bird could have that feather, anyhow, and he'd have to fly on one side. Birds of a feather flock together! Of course they do. As if any bird would be big fool enough to go in a corner and flock all by himself! I ain't got much use for proverbs.

Interlocutor—Indeed. Why not?

Bones—There's another: "It's the wise child that catches the worm."

Interlocutor—No, no; you are wrong. "It's the wise child that knows its own father."

Bones—Is it?

Interlocutor—It is the early bird that catches the worm.

Bones—What's the use of catching worms, if you can't go fishing? But, say, Mr. Jimpson, you ought to have been with me last summer. Talk about your fishing!

Interlocutor—Where were you?

Bones—I was out in Kansas. I was a telegraph operator out there—had a nice time fishing, and— Ha! ha! ha!

Interlocutor—And what?

Bones—Oh, I don't like to tell you. Ha! ha! ha! And courting.

Interlocutor—Oh, you had a sweetheart—did you?

Bones—Did I! Oh, yummey! yum—yum! But she lived ten miles up the road.

Interlocutor—Did you see her often?

Bones—Oh, yes. You see, the wind blows very strong out there in Kansas, so I invented a plan of my own to visit my sweetheart.

Interlocutor—What was your invention?

Bones—I used to take a hand-car. It was broken down, so you could not run it the usual way. So I put a sail on it, and I used to jump on there of an evening; and the wind blew so strong, it used to blow me over there at the rate of a hundred mile an hour.

Interlocutor—Do you mean to sit there and tell me you could jump on this sail-rigged car and go over to see your sweetheart—that the wind always carried you?

Bones—Yes, sir; every night.

Interlocutor—Every night! Wait a moment. What did you do when the wind blew in the other direction?

Bones—I had another sweetheart the other end of the line.

PARODY ON "DOWN ON THE FARM."

Now, I've heard "Annie Rooney" literally butchered by Pat Rooney,
"McGinty" handled without gloves by Flora Moore;
But the song that's most admired—on the dead, it makes me tired—
Is supposed to take us back to days of yore.
Oh, my boyhood's happy days, I remember well the jays
Who used to sit around the house from night till morn;
They would talk of sheep and sows, and of old Squire Jenkins' cows,
And they spit tobacco juice down on the farm.

Chorus.

The author speaks of happy hours, running wild among the flowers;
Why, I never heard such cracks since I've been born.
Now, don't think that I'm a chump, but I'd rather do six months
Than spend a few short days down on the farm.

Down on the farm! that makes me sick. Why, it's worse than laying brick.
I used to grab a plow at early morn,
And at night take quinine pills, for to wrestle with the chills,
In my boyhood's happy days down on the farm
As you walk along the street, perhaps by chance you'll meet
A great big Rube who says, "I'll be darn!"
His clothes they smell like stalls, his face would give him his base on balls;
He's a moss-back just escaped from off the farm.

Chorus.

On any evening after dark, just take a stroll through any park,
And meet a big jay with a fly girl on his arm.
Don't think he's on the beg, for you can bet she's got his leg;
And when she quits him—why, he'll walk back to the farm!

MUSIC AND POLITICS.

Bones (single)—

France has the lily, England the rose,
Everybody knows where the shamrock grows;
Scotland has the thistle that grows upon the heath,
But Amerca's emblem is the chestnut.

Interlocutor—Well, Bones, you are musically inclined this evening, I perceive.

Bones—Music! Ah, sir! music to me is as the soft murmuring of the brooklet, as it flows over the pebbly surface—entrancing—captivating the eye, the ear. The whole soul at once goes out into its dulcit rhythm, as you listen at the lattice window of your ladylove's boudoir to the heart-touching strains of her Aeolian harp, and on thine ear falls the silvery notes of her melodious voice, singing——

Interlocutor—What?

Bones—"Ta-rara boom-de-ay! Ta-rara boom-de-ay!" Well, Mr. Jimpson, there's nothing like it. I do love music! I love flowers——

Interlocutor—How are you on politics?

Bones—Politics and love go hand in hand.

Interlocutor—How is that?

Bones—I'll show you. I was up to see my steady company night before last evening, and she said to me, "Icilius——"

Interlocutor—Icilius!

Bones—Yes, that's my maiden name. She said to me, "What is the difference between Protection and Free Trade?" We were sitting on the sofa, and I said, "Let me illustrate, Anastasia," and I put my arm around her waist. "Now," I said, "that is Protection." She kind o' liked Protection pretty well. Then I just put her head on my shoulder and kissed her, and she kissed me. That was Free Trade. Do you know, she couldn't get Free Trade so she understood it until we repeated the same explanation for forty minutes, and when I went up there last night I had to explain it all over again.

Interlocutor—Leaving love out of the subject, and taking a political view of matters, what is your opinion regarding the tariff?

Bones—Why, sir, all this talk of politicians today about free material—taking the tax off this and that—they don't know anything about. Abraham Lincoln removed more duty from this government than any patriot that ever lived!

Interlocutor—How?

Bones—When he took the tax off wool.

THE FIRING CLERK.

Interlocutor—What are you doing now, Bones? I never see you any more about your old haunts.

Bones—No; I ain't got time to loaf about nowadays. I've got a new job down here at O'Neil's dry goods store.

Interlocutor—A new job? I am glad to hear it. What position do you occupy?

Bones—It's a new position. I'm the firing clerk.

Interlocutor—The firing clerk! What constitutes your duties.

Bones—I'll tell you all about it. You see, it's a new kind of a clerk. I sit in the little back room in the store, and presently some one comes in—a woman, of course. They make all the trouble in this world.

Interlocutor—That is a very uncharitable remark.

Bones—Well, in she bounces, like this (Imitates an angry woman walking). She goes right up to the floor dam-ager——

Interlocutor—The floor manager.

Bones—Yes, that's it; and she says: "Look here, you! Where's Mr. O'Neil?" Then the floor dam——

Interlocutor—Manager.

Bones—Yes; the floor dam-manager says, "Anything we can do for you?" and she says, "I want to see Mr. O'Neil; it isn't any of your business!" She's so mad she can hardly speak. Then Mr. O'Neil comes up, and he says, "Oh, you want to see me?" and she says, "Are you the boss?" "Yes, miss," he says. He calls them all "miss," if they are eighty years old; it tickles them. Then she says, "One of your clerks sold me a yard of gingham, and he said there was silk in it, and there ain't a bit of silk in it." Then Mr. O'Neil says, "Well—well, my good lady, don't get excited; we'll fix that all right." But she says, "How dare he do such a thing as that?" Now, be calm," says Mr. O'Neil. "But I won't!" says the woman. Then Mr. O'Neil calls one of the cash girls, and says, "Mary, send Mr. Jackson here at once." That's me. Then out I come, and Mr. O'Neil says, "How dare you, Mr. Jackson, have the impertinence to sell this young lady gingham, and tell her there was silk in it? How dare you, sir? Go to the cashier and get your money. You shall not stay in this store another minute!" And then she says, "Oh, Mr. O'Neil! don't send the poor man away!" and Mr. O'Neil says, "Madam, you must not interfere in my business. I cannot allow my customers to be dealt with only fairly." Then she goes away perfectly satisfied. Back I go in the little room. In comes another woman. (Imitates her.) "Where is he?" Oh, she's wild! She's got red hair, and you know what a red-headed woman is, when she gets started. She yells out, "Only let me get my hands on him! Oh, where is that nasty man?" Just then Mr. O'Neil comes up. "What is wrong, young lady?" "See here!" (slapping his hands), one of your horrid counter skippers sold me a pair of gloves for sixes, and when I got home they were nines!" Now, now, don't be impatient!" Mr. O'Neil says; "I'll fix it all up. Mary," Mary comes again. "Send Jackson to me." Out I come again from the little room. "Mr. Jackson, what do you mean by selling this estimable young lady a pair of gloves for sixes, when you knew they were nines? Leave my employment at once!" "Oh, Mr. O'Neil!" she says, "don't turn the poor fellow off! Maybe he couldn't help it." "Couldn't help it madam! This is my store! I must protect my customers from such insults. Go, get your money, sir!" Back I go, to wait for the next crank. I was fired nine times yesterday. That's the duties of a firing clerk.

PARODY ON "COMRADES."

While working in a foundry, I made up my mind to strike;
Night and day I dreamed of a brewery round the corner to the right.
I said, "Bill, I'll be a rover, 'neath the white foam of the booze;
Good-bye, Bill." Said he, "No, never; if you booze, then I'll booze, too."

Chorus.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we quit work,
Sharing each other's chewing tobacco, sharing each other's shirts;
Comrades when, with but a nickel, I tackled a cheap whiskey punch,
And while I was drinking my darling old comrade was diving into the lunch.
I insisted Bill came with me, one lunch route we did work;
We always had an opening, and our beer we never shirked,
The saloons at last got to us, and quick gave us the chase;
A great big copper nailed us, and in jail soon we were placed.

Chorus.

Comrades, comrades, even while doing time,
Longing for one big glass of beer, or some one to pay our fine;
Comrades when we were in hard luck; comrades when we had a tide,
Even while learning to make shoes at Sing Sing my comrade was at my side.

When we got out we quick enlisted in the Salvation Army, oh!
Since then we've had a soft snap, and to work we'll never go.
We wear good clothes, for we've struck luck—we eat three meals a day;
Our address is 16 East Street, it's there we're going to stay.

Chorus.

Comrades, comrades, they use us for a terrible example;
They give us a couple of dollars each day, then for a saloon we do scramble.
They lecture us in the evening—"Take warning!" they loudly declare—
We chuckle and snooze, for we're chuck full of booze, my comrade and I, in our chairs.

DUCKS.

Interlocutor—Tambo, I saw Mr. Jasper this morning. He told me he was up to your house to dinner yesterday.

Tambo—Yes, we had quite a gathering. It was my sister Lucinda's birthday, and pa gave a dinner. We had a great time, singing and dancing.

Interlocutor—What did they sing?

Tambo—Oh, lots of songs. One lady got up and sung, "Locked in the Stable with the Sheep."

Interlocutor—No—no! "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

Tambo—How do you know? You wasn't there. Then I sang, "If I only stop to drink."

Interlocutor—No; "If I only stop to think."

Tambo—Yes; "If I only stop to think where I'll get the drink." And then a young man from Zion's chair——

Interlocutor—From Zion's choir? What was his name?

Tambo—I didn't inquire. He sang, "When I swallow home-made pies."

Interlocutor—"When the swallow homeward flies."

Tambo—That was it. Oh, we sang, and sung, and sunged. Then we played games till dinner was ready. I could hardly wait for dinner. We had ducks, and all the time the restivities were going on I could smell those ducks a-cooking. Presently dinner was all cooked, and ma rang the towel—we haven't got a bell up at our house—and we all marched in, and pa took the head of the table to dismember them ducks; and he asked Miss Lillywhite what she would have, and she said she'd take a leg, and two or three others called for legs. But, do you know, when the old man come to look those ducks over, they only had one leg each; there wasn't enough to go around. So he called in our cook, and he says, "See here, 'Rastus! what's the matter with these hyar ducks? They only got one leg each." 'Rastus says, "'Deed I don't know! I got 'em out de pond, and dat's all de leg dey has." 'Deed the ole man was warm, and after dinner he took all the company down to the pond, and made 'Rastus go, too. He just wanted to prove to him that ducks had two legs, and when he got down there—ha! ha! ha!

Interlocutor—Well, what did he see?

Tambo—There was every duck around that pond standing on one leg. Then 'Rastus gave the ole man the laugh, and the ole man say nothing; and 'Rastus say, "What did I tell you?" Then the ole man say, "Shoo!" like that, to the ducks; and down came the other leg, and they all run off on two legs. Then he turned to 'Rastus and said, "Now what have you got to say for yourself?" and 'Rastus says, "That's all right, boss, but you didn't say 'Shoo!' to them ducks on the table."

NEW YORK'S STREETS.

Bones—Mr. Jimpson, did it ever strike you that the oepple in a great city like New York could get along very well without a directory, if they were all properly distributed?

Interlocutor—I do not think I quite catch your idea.

Bones—I mean, it would be an easy matter to find anyone, if you put them on the streets where they should belong. Now, if I had my way, I could fix it so you would know just where to go when you came into the city to find anyone.

Interlocutor—Indeed. If your plan is a good one, it should be adopted. For instance, now, where would you put our millionaires?

Bones—On Gold Street.

Interlocutor—And our children?

Bones—On School Street.

Interlocutor—Very good. The clergymen?

Bones—Church Street.

Interlocutor—The Irish population?

Bones—Oh, begorra! Green Street.

Interlocutor—Well, where would you locate the police headquarters?

Bones—Murray Street.

Interlocutor—Well, what would you do with our prisoners?

Bones—Put them on Liberty Street.

Interlocutor—Our statistic gatherers?

Bones—Oh, Peck Slip.

Interlocutor—And where would you locate the dudes?

Bones—On Wall Street.

Interlocutor—Then there are the hundreds of poor unfortunates, who, as the winter approaches, have not money enough to buy an overcoat—where would you locate them?

Bones—On Spring Street.

Interlocutor—There is the other class, who can afford to buy a stout coat to protect them from the severe weather?

Bones—I'd put them on Bleecker Street.

Interlocutor—The blondes?

Bones—On Dey Street.
Interlocutor—The brunettes?
Bones—Thompson Street.
Interlocutor—Our great tragedians?
Bones—In Irving's Place.
Interlocutor—The lawyers?
Bones—Bond Street.
Interlocutor—The great mass of the uneducated?
Bones—Reade Street.
Interlocutor—The Chinese?
Bones—Wash-ington Square.
Interlocutor—The hotel bell-boys?
Bones—Front Street.
Interlocutor—The fat men?
Bones—Broad-way.
Interlocutor—All the dogs?
Bones—On the bow-wow-ry.
Interlocutor—The temperance people?
Bones—On Water Street.
Interlocutor—The intemperate?
Bones—Ful-ton.
Interlocutor—The chimney sweeps?
Bones—Broome Street.
Interlocutor—Where would you put the old maids?
Bones—On Cort-land Street.
Interlocutor—The old bachelors?
Bones—Maiden Lane.
Interlocutor—Now, I have got you. Answer this: Where would you put the minstrels?
Bones—I'd send them over to Philadelphia, to Chestnut Street.
Interlocutor—Now, sir, tell me, where could you possibly locate the sympathizers with the lost cause in our Civil War?
Bones—I'd put them all on Union Square.

THEY'RE AFTER ME.

To be a man sought after everywhere is rather sweet,
And in this race for popularity I'm hard to beat;
In fact, I'm a wonder—ev'ry one to get me tries;
Just now a person's wanted who can tell some awful lies.

Chorus.

(Spoken) So—
They're after me, they're after me, to capture me is every one's desire;
They're after me, I'm the individual they require.
In France there's going to be another beauty show; this time
It's not for women, it's for men of every race and clime—
French, Germans, Prussians, English, on show can put their phiz,
Now we're going to show them what American beauty is.
They're after me, etc.
I don't care much for presents, though I often get a few;
Bennie, he accepts them, that's the difference 'twixt us two

To make Cape May more popular, they're going to to give away
Another summer cottage, and the news reached me to-day.
They're after me, etc.
The census takers have been the rounds, as many people know,
And yet there' many, many who have never had a show;
The Mayor now declares that he has hit upon a plan,
The census of the city is to be taken by one man.
They're after me, etc.
They say that Coney Island grows smaller ev'ry year,
The waves will wash it all away, the hotel men all fear;
New Yorkers can't lose their Coney Island down the bay,
They've asked Mayor Grant to find something to scare the waves away.
They're after me, etc.

TAMBO'S FAMILY MATTERS AND DREAMS.

Interlocutor—How are all your family, Tambo?

Tambo—All well, thank you.

Interlocutor—How's your father?

Tambo—He's well, thank you.

Interlocutor—How is your mother-in-law?

Tambo—She's dead, thank you.

Interlocutor—You do not tell me! I had not heard of it. What was the complaint?

Tambo—No complaint; everybody was satisfied. How are all your family?

Interlocutor—All very well indeed, except my brother. A pair of horses ran away with him, and he's been laid up ever since.

Tambo—The same thing happened to my brother.

Interlocutor—Indeed!

Tambo—Only he ran away with a pair of horses. He's been laid up ever since. He'll be out next month.

Interlocutor—My brother is convalescing, but we have to watch him very closely. He is not able to get out of bed, and as he is a somnambulist, he is liable to get up, and it would set him back.

Tambo—Say, Mr. Jimpson, what's a slambulist?

Interlocutor—Not a slambullst. I said a somnambulist—one who walks in his sleep.

Tambo—I must be a some-sambulist, then. I had a funny walk when I was dreaming last night.

Interlocutor—I don't understand you. Explain yourself yourself more clearly.

Tambo—I had a funny dream. I dreamed I was walking along a very crooked road. It was late at night, or very early in the morning, and I was trying to find the path to the Promised Land; but it was so crooked I couldn't make it out, nohow. I kept on walking and walking, till bye and bye I came across a big tree, with the branches bent every which way; and a voice came out of that tree and say, jus like this—"Oh!" Sound like spirits. Then I stepped and listen, and I say, "Who is you?" and the voice answered back, "I am de Lord." Then I got kind o' skeered. I didn't believe it; I thought it was some nigger trying to scare me. So I say, "Hole on, now! If you is de Lor', there's only one way you can prove it. Command that tree to stand up straight."

Interlocutor—Well?

Tambo—Well, sir, that tree stood right up straight, and so did my hair, I tell you. But I wasn't quite satisfied yet, so I say, "I want one more proof. If you is de Lor', take all the crooked turns out of dis road, and make it a straight path to glory."

Interlocutor (very much interested). Yes?

Tambo—Just as quick as I ax him that road all straighten out; there wasn't a kink in it, nowhere. Then I began to believe it was sure enough de Lor'. So I say, "Dis is de last question I am going to ax, and if he tell me right, I'll know it is de Lor'." And I say, "Now tell me what is de true principles of de Democrat party?" and he couldn't answer. Den I know it wasn't de Lor'.

A DOG FIGHT.

Tambo—Mr. Jimpson, I had quite an experience out in the country the other day. Did you see anything about it in the papers?

Interlocutor—No, Tambo; tell us about it.

Tambo—Oh, I had a very narrow escape.

Interlocutor—Indeed; in what way?

Tambo—Well, I was out gunning with Sim Dimprey and some of de oder boys; and I left 'em over in de swamp trying to shoot bullfrogs. And I wandered alone over a farm-house to get a drink of water, and it begun to get a little dusk ,and dar was no one around, so I stood dar admiring the old farmer's chicken coop.

Interlocutor—You always had a penchant for admiring chicken coops at dusk.

Tambo—No insinuations, if you please. I never stole a chicken in my life.

Interlocutor—Do you mean to tell me you never robbed a chicken coop in all your life?

Tambo (very emphatic). Yes, sir; I do.

Interlocutor—Would you take your oath to that?

Tambo—Yes, sir; I'll take my oath right now.

Interlocutor—That you never stole a chicken?

Tambo—Yes, sir; my oath that I never stole a chicken in all my life. (Aside) If he'd a said ducks he'd a had me.

Interlocutor—Well, tell us what occurred at the old farm house.

Tambo—You kind o' driv it out of my reckamembrance. Where was I?

Interlocutor—You had got as far as the farmer's chicken coop.

Tambo—Oh, yes; I disremember now. Well, there I stood; when all of a sudden the old farmer's big dog—a great big bloodhound—flew out at me; and you ought to see me scamper. I ran, and de dog after me! finally I picked up a pitchfork and he showed his teeth, den I showed my teeth, and he made one lunge at me, and I lunged back wid de pitchfork, and I stuck both prongs right through him.

Interlocutor—And killed him?

Tambo—Of course I killed him. Oh, wasn't the old farmer mad!

Interlocutor—I don't wonder at it—to kill his valuable dog.

Tambo—Dar he lay, with both prongs of that pitchfork stieking in him.

Interlocutor—It was very wrong of you.

Tambo—What was I going to do?

Interlocutor—It was cruel to stick that pitchfork through the poor dog. Why didn't you hit him with the other end?

Tambo—Well, why didn't he come at me with the other end?

BASEBALL AND SCRIPTURE.

Tambo—I came near being killed last night, Mr. Jimpson.

Interlocutor—You came near being killed! How did it happen?

Tambo—Why, I was coming up a dark street, and three men were behind me. I didn't notice them at the time. Just as we got near an alley I saw one of them had a baseball bat. I thought I was a goner, when they started in to do me. But I recognized one of them, and I'm going to have him arrested.

Interlocutor—You recognized him?

Tambo—Yes; he belongs to the Baltimore Baseball Club.

Interlocutor—How do you know he belongs to the Baltimore Baseball Club?

Tambo—He struck at me three times and never hit me. Mr. Jimpson, can you tell me anything about Noah's Ark?

Interlocutor—Wha tdo you want to know?

Tambo—I want to know if you know whether you can tell me what I know?

Interlocutor—What are you driving at?

Tambo—I ain't driving at all. I'm sitting here ,and trying to find out if you know as much as I do|

Interlocutor—Then put your question to me.

Tambo—That's what I'm trying to do. Tell me, now, which was it, a male or a female dove, that carried the olive branch back to the ark in the time of Noah?

Interlocutor—Any fool could answer that. It was a female.

Tambo—You are wrong. It was a male.

Interlocutor—Since you are so positive, how do you know it was a male that carried the olive branch to Noah?

Tambo—Because a female couldn't keep her mouth shut long enough to carry it. You don't seem to understand the Scripture.

Interlocutor—Not us well as I should, perhaps. It should be carefully studied by all of us—that we could appreciate its value.

Tambo—Out in the northwestern part of our country is where they understand it. Take, for instance, the loggers.

Interlocutor—The loggers?

Tambo—I don't mean the kind of lagers you are always after. I mean the woodsmen—where they work on rafts. They have peculiar religious ideas out there.

Interlocutor—Have they? I never heard of it.

Tambo—Why, sir, they make all the women gather the logs and send them down the rivers.

Interlocutor—And why, pray?

Tambo—Because they don't believe in a he-rafter.

THE GOLD CURE.

Interlocutor—You are a little late in getting here this evening, Bones. What detained you?

Bones—Why, didn't you hear about it? We had a horrible accident up at our house.

Interlocutor—Indeed; of what nature?

Bones—You know that big mule of ours?

Interlocutor—Yes.

Bones—He kicked my mother-in-law right on the cheekbone (indicating the spot).

Interlocutor—Good gracious!—and your mother-in-law?

Bones—Oh, she's all right; but it broke the mule's foot. Say, did you hear about me?

Interlocutor—About what?

Bones—I've gone into a new business.

Interlocutor—What are you doing?

Bones—I've started a gold-cure establishment.

Interlocutor—A gold-cure establishment?

Bones—Yes, sir.

Interlocutor—Where are you located?

Bones—Well, you go out here to 456th Street and you'll see a large vacant lot. That ain't my office; but right the other side of the lot there's a big brick building with lots

of signs on the doors. You go up-stairs till you come to the last sign, that is my office.

Interlocutor—How are you doing?

Bones—Oh, very well.

Interlocutor—Many patients call on you?

Bones—Well, the beauty of my practice is I treat most of my customers by mail.

Interlocutor—By mail? Do you ever hear from them the second time?

Bones—If they live, yes. Now here is a letter I got from a patient the other day. Would you like to hear it?

Interlocutor—Yes, I should

Bones—Then give me your attention for a few minutes. This is from a member of Congress (reads: "My Dear Doctor: I have been in Congress for two years, and voted for the silver bill; but I had not then heard of your wonderful gold remedy. Having taken four barrels of your greta remedy. I am now so far recovered that I can veto bills that heretofore stuck in my throat. All my disorders are disappearing. The corn on my left toe is entirely eradicated, and I have not been paralyzed for twenty-four hours." That's pretty strong, isn't it?

Interlocutor—Yes, it is so.

Bones—Here's another (reads): "Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in saying"—see how nicely he starts in—"I take great pleasure in saying that of all the healthy, unmitigated frauds that ever—" Hold on; I've got the correspondence all mixed up. That's a mistake. This is the one I was looking for (reads): "My Dear Doctor: I had been a drunkard all my life, until I heard of your wonderful gold cure. In fact, I was brought up on the bottle. After partaking of enough gold cure to stock a mint, I am now so thoroughly cured that I feel I must let you know. I could not at any time pass a saloon without entering and indulging. But now I pass every saloon in the block where I live with scorn, and do not stop until I come to the brewery." Isn't that wonderful?

Interlocutor—Yes, it certainly is.

Bones—You had better let me sell you a few barrels.

Interlocutor—No, I thank you. There was a time in my early days when that would have been a very useful article to have about.

Bones—When was that?

Interlocutor—During the civil war. Of course you are aware that I was all through the war?

Bones—No; I never heard of it.

Interlocutor—Well, it's true. I lost my leg at Gettysburg.

Bones—That's strange. Do you believe it? Almost the same thing happened to me.

Interlocutor—How was that? Did you lose a leg at Gettysburg?

GIRLS.

Tambo—Girls are strange creatures. Don't you think so, Mr. Simpson?

Interlocutor—Well, I don't know.

Tambo—You don't know.

Interlocutor—That is what I remarked. I do not know.

Tambo—Oh, pshaw! If you don't, who do?

Interlocutor—What do you mean?

Tambo—Why, you have quite a reputation as a ladies' man.

Interlocutor—I try to be courteous to every lady I meet, as far as that goes, but as to being a slave to the fair sex——"

Tambo—Oh, I don't say you are a slave, but it is reported on very good authority that you can measure more tape to the yard than any man at a party; and they do so when

it comes to "Button, button! Who's got the button?" Why, you press the button and do all the rest besides. And when they play post-office—why, they tell me you are the whole department, and you don't give the assistant postmaster a show, except to look after the mails.

Interlocutor—Some one has been maligning me to you, sir.

Tambo—There ain't no lining at all about it; it's facts, cut out of whole cloth. But I never did care much about the girls; they are too fussy. Did you ever see a woman stop a street car? She'll stand on the corner talking to another woman and wave her parasol, like this (illustrating), and then say, "Good-bye, dear. Come over Tuesday, sure, now Cousin Will is going to be there." There's the car waiting all the time. Then her friend says, "Well, maybe I will." "Oh, I shall be dreadfully put out if you don't." She means all the time she hopes she'll stay away. Then she steps over to the car and says, "Conductor, does this car go to Fifty-ninth Street?" He says, "No." Then she says, "Oh, pshaw! I want a Fifty-ninth street car!" and as the conductor hasn't got time to go and get a Fifty-ninth street car for her, she permits him to ring his bell and go along. Then, did you ever see two young girls go in a store to get a glass of soda water? There are the signs with the names of the flavors hanging all around the soda fountain. You can hardly see the fountain for signs. And one of 'em says, "Say, what kind of flavors have you?" The young man behind the counter in the dirty white apron and the wet hands, and a flower in his white jacket where the button is broken off, points to the list of syrups. "Oh, yes!" she says; "te-he-he!" just like that. "I didn't see it. Well, let me see. What are you going to take, sis? I'm going to have vanilla." The young man with the greasy hair and the eyebrows for a mustache begins to draw the syrup, and she says, "Oh, no; I won't have vanilla. I had vanilla yesterday with Percy. Give me strawberry and cream. What did you say you'd have, sis?" Then sis says: "Oh, give me some lemon and choc'late." There they keep that up for half and hour; then they fuss for fifteen minutes to see who's going to pay for it. "No, let me. No, I won't; let me!" and twenty customers parched for a drink a-waiting. Oh, they are certainly curious creatures. And then, when you go to kiss them——

Interlocutor—Aha! So you acknowledge you have had some experience in the osculating way?

Tambo—Yes, sir-ree; I do!

I've kissed the girls of every land
On the other side the sea—
The girls of England, Ireland, France,
And sunny Italy;
The Germans, Swedes, Norwegians—
In fact, of every clime;
But for downright yummey, yum-yum-yum——

Interlocutor—Well, sir?

Tambo—Give me the Boston girl each time.

CROSS JOKE FOR BONES AND TAMBO.

Tambo—Mr. Jimpson, can you tell when do we find the first deadhead?

Interlocutor—The first deadhead?

Tambo—That's what I said. Who was the first fellow that got into a theatre without paying?

Interlocutor—Well, sir, who was the first party to get into a theatre without paying?

Tambo—Why, Joseph, when he was let into the pit by his brethren for nothing.

Bones—And you had to go way into ancient history to find that! I've got one for you. Try this——

Tambo—Go on, Mr. Smarty.

Bones—What is the difference between a mule and a lemon?

Tambo—(Stops a moment to think over it). I don't know.

Bones—You'd be a nice man to send for lemons!

Tambo—Well, what is the difference between a mule and a lemon?

Bones—Golly! I don't know the answer.

Tambo—I'd like to send you for a mule!

Bones—I wouldn't have far to go.

Tambo—Do you means to say I'm a mule?

Bones—No, sir; I've got too much respect——

Tambo—Thank you.

Bones—For the mule!

Interlocutor—Gentlemen—gentlemen!

Bones and Tambo—Mind your business; this is our argument.

Interlocutor—Pardon me, but this lack of respect——

Bones—I've got respect enough; I'm chock full of it. That coon (points to Tambo) ain't got no sense, Mr. Jimpson. Just to show you, what do you think he did the other day?

Interlocutor—Well, what?

Bones—He stood out in front of a grocery over here, and saw a basket full of cocoanuts; and he turned around to me and said: "Look there! Did you ever in your life see potatoes with whiskers before?"

Tambo—That ain't nothing. We was passing a plumber's shop, and he saw a sign, "Cast Iron Sinks," and he says to me, "As if any darn fool didn't know that!"

Bones—Oh, hear him! Let me tell you. We got into a street car—we wanted to catch the five o'clock boat and he looked up at the indicator what rings up the fares and shouts out: "Gosh! it's ten minutes past six! We've missed that boat!"

A PARODY ON "THAT IS LOVE."

I.

Love, sweet love, is the poet's theme—
Love, sweet love is the poet's dream;
But all of this of which they sing
Is only a nightmare, a dreadful dream;
'Tis but a scheme that ends in a furnished flat—
Furnished, alas! on the installment plan, at that.
Often her mother comes along, you know;
And this, you say, is love? Oh, no—oh, no!

Chorus.

See a man out sailing in an open yacht,
Mother-in-law and wife are with him—that's his lot;
A squall comes up, upsets the boat on that watery spot.
Help him—help him, gracious Heaven above!
See him in the water now take off his boat,
Watch his wild endeavors now to save the boat;
But mother-in-law and wife he lets on the bottom float.
That is love—that is love.

II.

Boy says, "Pa, can I go see "The Clemenceau Case?"
Papa says, "Don't dare, my boy, go near that place!
Any one who does, I declare, is a disgrace!"
To the door he sends him with a shove.
Boy sneaks out that very night to the theatre to go,
Goes up to the gallery, and looking down below,
Sees his dear, good papa in the parquet front row.
That is love—that is love.

See a man out sailing, etc.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

Old Darkey Plantation Refrain.

Thar's a happy little home,
Down in Southern Tennessee,
Whar the ivy blossoms twine around the door;
And for ever fresh and green
In my memory it will be,
Though I know I'll never see it any more.
But I never can forget the home I love so well,
And the many good old tunes that I have sung;
And the tears they fill my eyes every time I try to tell
Of the times I used to have when I was young.

Chorus.

Now the tambo and the bones are forever laid away,
The fiddle and the banjo am unstrung;
But I often heave a sigh for the happy days gone by,
And the times I used to have when I was young.

When the autumn days had come
I would husk the yellow corn,
In the field I was singing all the day;
And before they made me free
I had never cause to mourn,
And around the old place everything was gay.
And many, many a time, when the work of day was o'er,
With my melody the old plantation rung;
And my heart does often long for the happy days of yore,
And the times I used to have when I was young.
Now the tambo, etc.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Stump Speech.

The comedian assuming this character to make himself up as an old woman, with spectacles, a dark dress to the ankles, a man's coat and vest and a high hat, and carries an umbrella.

Human Humbugs and Male Monstrositles: I appear before you dis evening to disgust you on the subject of woman's rights and matrimony in general. What is matrimony? Matrimony is de frying-pan, and woman is de fish dat is fried in de pan; man is de cook, and we dear, poor suckers what he dones brown to suit his own imbecilic appetite. Oh, girls!—oh, girlie, girlie, girlie! Don't be misled by dis monster in pantaloons dat would make a slave ob you. Assert yourself! Why should man rule de destinies of our sex? 'Cause he has whiskers? No. I've got a malden aunt dat shaves three times a week, and you can bet no man is her boss. Is it, then, because he can go in a barroom and stand up de house for drinks?—has it come to dat?—or, on the other hand, is it because, when he leaves dat bar-room and falls asleep on de steps of de neighboring drug store, wakes up and see de colored lights in de window, and thinks he's in a street car on his way home, and hollers to a passer-by to let him off at Twenty-sixth street, and takes him for a conductor? No—no. Is dat de reason-Should we stand humbly by and let him usurp all the prerogatives of his sex? Never, you blessed little creatures, never! When he comes home and swears he hasn't been drnking, and says his tongue is so dry he would have to wet it with a sponge before he could lick a postage stamp, is you, poor lamb, gwine to believe him? Not much. Don't—oh, don't run after de man! If you wants a husband, let de man run after you. De trap never runs after de mouse, but it gathers him in, just the same.

Secondly, dar's de honeymoon, or, in some cases, the vinegar moon, dat passes away like de contents of a clam chowder pot afore a parcel of hungry niggers. Den—aha! —den, den you may wear your weddin' dress at de washtub an' your seventeen penny calico on Sundays, an' your lord an' master won't know it. You may pick up your own pocket hankerfitch, an' rip your dress up de back stretchin' across de table for anoder flapjack, an' he don't bodder to help you. Eh? Ah! How's dat?

An, all de time he is layin' his breakfast in, just as if it was de last meal he was a-gwine to eat on dis side of de kingdom comin'. Den he gets up from de table, lights his cigar wid de last evening's paper afore you've had a chance man I'm working for told me if I wanted to keep my job little errand for you. What does he say? Eh? Ah! Why, to read it, and gives three or four whiffs at it, just enough to set your head achin' all day. Eh? Ah! How's dat?

Den, jist as he's goin' out, you ax him if he won't do a he tells you that he's very sorry he can't oblige you, but he's so pressed wid business. Dat's de 'scuse. You needn't griu at me, you he-crocodiles. You know it's de trufe. Eh? Ah! How's dat?

But s'pose you was to see him about 'leven o'clock, takin' ice-cream wid a young lady in Delmonico's, while de mis fortunate wife is at home, puttin' new linin's to his coat-sleeves, or sewin' buttons on his what-you-may-call-'em? Eh? Ah! How's dat?

Den, when he comes home at night, he'lll just walk in, pull off his obercoat, and say: "How de do, Sally?" or somefin' just as cool; an' down he'll sit in front ob de stove, pull de newspaper out ob his pocket, and read it all to hisself. He eats his supper, and down he lies on de sophia, and snores away till nine o'clock; den he gits up an' licks de chillun for half an hour—just to keep himself in training, he says. Oh, good people! When I say "good people," I mean ladies. Dey ain't no good men—at least, I neber found one, and I've had seventeen husbands. Reckamember dat dere's many a slip between de Battery and Fifty-ninth street, and whatever may be your lot in life, try to get a corner one.

(A man comes on at back and hangs up a sign, a placard unseen by the speaker: "Wanted—A Female Tramp. Five Hundred Dollars' Reward for Her Capture.") She continues: Oh, my hearers! My heart is too full for utterance, when I think of the wrongs to which we poor, degraded sufferers from de torments of man is subjected to! And when I look back—oh, when I look back—

(She looks around, sees sign, and picks up umbrella, sneaking off the stage.)

STUMP SPEECH.

Fellow-Constituents and Brother Constituatorys: I have been invited to address dis meeting dis evening by the committee of ways and means. I arrived in your beautiful city about ten minutes ago; I would hab been here sooner if I had got here before. But de committee ob ways and means failed to send me my railroad ticket, and I was obliged to walk. De mean ways of de ways and means is too despicable to be criticised by me dis evening, and I should not be here if I had not come. Now, dat I am here, I will proceed to address you on my own responsibility, and treat de committee with silenent contemptuousness. But before proceeding, I desire dat he hall door shall be locked and a collection taken up to defray de expenses of de meeting. You all know, my hearers, dat we have just gone through an era of incongruous and imperceptible conglomeration of indefatigable multifariousnesness, and are on de ebe of entering into a series of promulgation for de amelioration of historical infanticide dat will eventually terminate in de

disfranchisement of periodical imbecility. Ah, my dear brethren, do you ever, I say, do you ever (hits table with his umbrella), dou ever (hits at table and misses it, and falls to the floor, gets up and strikes an attitude.) Of course you do. But consider, oh, fellow citizens, consider where we stand (looks at the spot where he fell)—consider our sufferings with a vehemence of exultant agitation that will touch a tender chord in your heart. And sometimes in de dark hours of adversity, when the political sky now gilding the horizon with its ubiqutous perspicuity shall arise in all its vast glory. Then, my friends and disgusted hearers, strike, strike (bringing umbrella down on the table each time), strike! (he now brings umbrella down on his high hat and crushes it.) Three strikes and out! But, again, as it were, so to speak, should we, as free-born American citizens, stand calmly by, in the face of our impending obscurity, and permit monopoly and monopolists to overcome our serenity with their unparalleled millions? No! I say, no! In the words of George Francis Train, "Who pays the freight?" Ah, my hearers, that is the question. And when you put it to them, what is their answer? Why, it is simply this: Why—er—ah. I repeat, what is their answer (pause)? Dog-gone if I know (scratches his head), and we have no time to wait for their reply. Time and tide wait for no man, so they say; but in my time I have seen that proverb knocked out, my hearers. While the time and tide may not wait for the man, ah, my friends, how often have I seen the man wait for the tide, and get it, too. I have seen the laboring man—the honest ton of soil—I should say, the son of toil—who works hard all week, come home Saturday night to his wife, and give her all the money he had—left. I have seen that wife give her husband two dollars, hand him the market basket, and tell him to come home with a load—and he did it. Ah, my friends, I have known husbands who could do the same thing for half the sum. But we digress (takes up wet sponge and wipes his forehead.) Look—look me in the face, fellow citizens, and tell me what you do see? A countenance beaming with magnanimous infelicity; words fail to express the spontaniety of my embarrassing indefateness-ness (wipes face completely with sponge, leaving his face almost white; he looks at audience). I am not here to be laughed at. I want to talk to you soberly; but since you wish to turn me into ridiculousness, I will withdraw from this conglomeration of cocatamacious obstroperesness (picks up umbrella, falls over it as he exits).

ASTROLOGY.

Stump Speech.

The subject I have chosen, my friends and friendnesses, on which to dilate dis ebenin' am astrology. Did you ever think how little time is given up to dis most distressing subject of de heavenly stars? Does any of my hearers know who discovered astrology? Um? No, not one ob you. Oh, the ignorance of the present generation! I'll tell you who discovered astrology; it was Di-og-en-us. Some calls him Dio-gin-us. But, to facilitate matters, I will call him jist Di. He was a Greek, and has been dead for four thousand years. So you can 'magine, my constituents, that he is very dead by dis time. Does any of you know how he discovered astrology? Why, by looking for it. It's a beautiful study. Dere are so many things in de firmament to contemplate upon our own sagacity. I often get befo' my telescope at home and sit for hours buried in de beauties of Mars. Mars is de next star to pars. You will observe (points to map, which is hanging up) de close proximamity between dese two meteors. All does little Isreallites

I made up my mind, though, dat I'd get dat umbrella back. So las' Sunday I went to meeting again; and when de congregation had all dissembled, I jis' came to de front and stood up by de pulpit, and I said: "Brotheren and Sisteren—Somebody on las' Sunday, in dis high edifice, stole my umbrella. Now, I ain't going to say who is de purloiner; But I'se got got him spotted, and I could denounce his name now. But lemme say to you all, individually and collectively, if dat umbrella isn't in my back yard befo' six o'clock to-morrow morning, I'll come around hyar next Sunday morning and tell de whole congregation who took it. And what do you think? Ha, ha, ha! When I woke up dis mornin' de back yard was full ob umbrellas. I reckon dis is de best one. We has a most peculiar make-up to de congregation in dat church you eber hear tell on. Deres de New family, dey all attends. And what a family dat is! Dey comes from Salt Lake City. It's de largest family in de whole sect. They has seventeen children, all boys. Think of that! There's Johnny New and Jimmy New, and Henry and Alexander and Robert, and—well, there is so many ob 'em dey run out ob names. The last boy was named Nothing-Nothing New. Last week there was a little baby-girl come; the first one. They named her Something-Something-Something New. But I do verily believe dat Rastus Peppergrass is de foolishest man dat 'tends dat chapel. One Sunday de preacher—Reverend Eversole Shark—he says to us all: "I would like one ob de congregation to give me some subject to 'lucidate on, on which de poor sinner may want some knowledge, and I will endeavor, if he has anything he doesn't understand, to explain it to him." Up jumps Rastus Peppergrass, and he says: "Mr. Preacher, dar is one thing that bothers me in de good book. You know dat we read dat Nebuchadnezzar eat grass? "I certainly does," says de preacher. "And now, young man, what does you wish me to explain?" says he. "Well," says Rastus, "I want tu know how much dey axed him a week for pasture?"

MONOLOGUE.

If I have a weakness, it is chickens. Well, that's easily accounted for by my color. Nobody ever saw a colored man dat didn't like chickens. And often we hear of their peaceful slumbers being disturbed in de middle of de night by de base intrusion of some dusky son of Africa. I, myself, has made a careful study ob de featherly tribe, and I find by careful search an' research dat de chicken possesses many noble qualities. You take a hen, for instance. I don't mean when de man ain't looking; but I am speaking pāragogically. You observe a hen. See how patient and absorbed she is attending to her business! To be sure, she cackles a little, dat is one ob de prerogatives ob de sex. But she don't make half as much fuss as a rooster. After she lays an egg, she just sits dar and says, "Pluck, pluck, pluck!" two or three times; but de old rooster, he takes all de credit to his-self, and begins (imitates crowing), "Cock-a-doodle-do!" My Uncle Rufe had a hennery; but he had some funny ideas. He used to feed his chickens hot water to try to make them lay hard-boiled eggs. But chickens has got so much good sense. You take a woman, for instance, she goes to the market to buy her eggs. Now a chicken don't have to do that. Well, she buys a dozen eggs and takes them home and gives them to de cook; de cook goes out to see her feller, and comes to look for de eggs in de morning, and she has mislaid 'em. Now, that is something a chicken never does. And when it comes to patience, we are not in it. See how patient a little chicken is! Why, I've seen a chicken sit on a dozen of eggs for hours at a time. If a man had to sit

on one for five minutes, he'd kick about it all the rest of the day. I used to handle eggs once. I was in de business. Dey are very nice to handle; much nicer to handle yourself dan to have any one else handle—at short range, if you are de object in view, for which de aforesaid egg is ultimately to come in contact, particularly if de egg is premature, and age has crept over de spirit ob de egg ere it reaches its destination. That is to say, when it has reached its majority, or, in other words, is old enough to vote. When it becomes a bald-headed egg and wears spectacles; then avoid the egg. Take my advice, and call a policeman. If I had my way, when an egg arrives at the years of discretion, I would establish a home for indigent eggs, where they might not waste their sweetness on the desert air.

MONOLOGUE.

Talk about your mean men! I think there are more mean men over where I live than in all the rest of the country put together. Why, there's one man so mean over at my boarding house—that is so stingy—he uses a wart on his neck for a collar button. Mean! Why, he's so mean he's afraid to go out on the street, except on rainy days; he's afraid if he goes out when the sun is shining his shadow will ask him for something.

Well, it takes all kind of people to make a world—stingy people, generous people, absent-minded people. When it comes to absent-minded people, my brother could give them all cards and spades. He was on a drunk once, and he went to the morgue and told the man he hadn't been home for five days, and was looking for himself. I'll never forget the time he went to Chicago. He wanted to be sure to make no blunder about a certain place he had to go to there, so before he started he just telegraphed to himself to meet him at this street; and when he got to Chicago he got the message, but he had failed to sign it, so he didn't pay any attention to it.

Bill was a funny fellow. I met him one day just after he had got a new job, and he had a big iron gate on his back, tugging it along the street. I says to him, "Bill, what are you doing with that?" "Why," says he, "the I'd have to get a gait on me, and I've got it."

Bill gets quite sporty at times; he likes to play policy and faro bank. There's a colored gentlemen game over on Thompson Street, and Bill goes over there to play. They haven't got much of a stock, and they used lozenges for checks. Bill was rather short the other night, so he brought some lozenges with him as ringers; and he sat down and sneaked in a bet, and won. Then he put down another. He got ahead of the game about sixty cents, and went to cash in, when the dealer says: "Stop de game Look hyar! some nigger is running in sassafras. Ha! ha! ha! De regulation check is peppermint."

Bill is quite a politician, too. He took considerable interest in the campaign. He attended a supper just after election, and Jerry Simpson, from Kansas, was there. There was a lady also present who had been speaking for the cause, and she said to Jerry, "Mr. Simpson, I don't don't believe this story about you." He said, "What is that, madam?" "Why, they call you the 'Sockless Statesman.' Now, I would like to have visible proof that it is a falsehood, so I may assure my friends of the fact." "Well," says Jerry, "what do you want me to do?" Then she says, "If you will just lift you trousers the least little bit, I can have an ocular demonstration." "My dear madam," says Jerry, "I believe in reciprocity." "In reciprocity?" she said. "What do you mean?" Then Jerry said, "If you will just raise your dress the least little bit, I will oblige you with the ocular demonstration desired."

Better Than Gold.

In a Pullman palace smoker sat a number of bright men,
You could tell that they were drummers, nothing seemed to trouble them,
When up spoke a handsome fellow, "Come, let's have a story boys,
Something that will help to pass the time away."
"I will tell you how we'll manage," said a bright knight of the grip,
"Let us have three wishes, something good and true;
We will give friend Bob the first chance, he's the oldest gathered here"—
....
Then they listened to a wish that's always new:

CHORUS.

"Just to be a child again at mother's knee,
Just to hear her sing the same old melody,
Just to hear her speak in loving sympathy,
Just to kiss her lips again.
Just to have her fondle me with tender care,
Just to feel her dear, soft fingers through my hair,
There is no wish in this world that can compare,
Just to be a child at mother's knee."

There they sat, those jolly drummers, not a sound that moment heard,
While their tears were slowly falling, htere was no man spoke a word
For the memories of their childhood days had touched their dear kind hearts,
When, as children, they had played at mother's knee.
Then at last the spelll was broken by another traveling man,
"Your attention for a moment I do crave;
I will tell you of one precious thing, so dear to one and all,
'Tis a wish we long for to the very grave:

CHORUS.

Just enough of gold to keep me all my days,
Just enough with which some starving soul to save,
Just enough I wish to help me on my way,
Just neough to happy be.
Just enough to know I'll ne'er be poor again,
Just enough to drive away all sorrow's pain,
You may wish for many things, but all in vain
Give to me what precious gold can buy."

The conductor, passing through the train, stopped in the smoking car;
He had grown quite interested in the stories told so far—
"Please excuse my interruption, but I listened with delight
To your wishes, both of them so good and true;
Yet there is a wish that's dearer, better far than gittering gold,
Though a simple one perhaps you all will say,
'Tis a longing that is in my heart each moment of my life,
'Tis a gleam of sunshine strewn across my way:

CHORUS.

Just to open wide my little cottage door,
Just to see my baby rolling on the floor,
Just to feel that I have something to adore,
Just to be at home again.
Just to hear a sweet voice calling papa dear,
Just to know my darling wife is standing near;
You may have your gold your lonely heart to cheer,
But I'll take my baby, wife and home."

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